

When Techno Found out that people actually want to have sex? (ft Wilbur)

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When Techno Found out that people actually want to have sex? (ft Wilbur)

by [BabyCakelings](#)

Summary

Late at night, Techno tells Wilbur he's broken. Wilbur has another option for Techno to consider.

(Set in the same universe as The Intentional Social Blindness of a Not So Blind Child, but can be read as a one shot)

Notes

Yes this is set in the same universe as my other stuff. Also it was written in an hour at 1 am and hasn't been edited. But I'm pretty happy with it. You can skip this and still understand everything in The Intentional Social Blindness of a Not So Blind Child, it's just a little bonus set years before.

Ok so it's the 31st of Jan at 1am and I am no longer happy with my writting here, so at some point I will be rewriting this but better and deleting this. The new one will still have the same overall message but it'll be longer and just, better thought out. But, until I find the time to do that you can still enjoy this fic. Happy reading

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It was a late summer evening. A messy haired 16 year old Wilbur was sitting in his room, guitar in hand. Trying to come up with a tune that went with the lyrics he'd written. It was a good thing Phil and Kristin had sound proofed his room. Wilbur didn't know what he'd do otherwise when he got like this. *Probably hurt yourself* his brain supplied. Wilbur pushed the thought off. Fully focusing back on the music, drowning out any other intrusive thought that made it's way through.

He didn't know how much time had passed when he looked up at his door. It opening slowly to show Wilbur's identical, well if you ignored the long pink hair. Clearly unbrushed. Years later that'd be a rare sight to see Techno in. But this younger him cared a bit less for taking care of himself. Or maybe he just didn't have the mental energy to try. If that was the case both current and older Wilbur would relate. *He quite often found himself lacking energy.*

The two didn't need to talk to understand what was going on. This having been a regular occurrence at this point. The two had an unspoken agreement, Techno would ignore the fresh cuts and scars peeking out from under Wilbur's shirt sleeve, and Wilbur would ignore the bloodshot eyes and newly dried tears on Techno's cheek. Techno would come into the room for comfort, to avoid being left alone with the voices that'd made him dream about doing such horrible, horrible things. Wilbur never minded; in fact, it would benefit him in that he'd have someone else to make sure he didn't move away from the guitar to do something just a little more harmful to himself. The two's silence was a safe place for both of them. Sometimes they might talk a little about unrelated things, or maybe they'd cuddle until they both felt safe enough to sleep (not that Techno would even admit that happened, but Wilbur would never force him to), or maybe they'd be like tonight. Wilbur with a guitar in hand humming a tune, while Techno sit's next to him under the covers.

This was a comfort for the both of them. But Wilbur felt something was off today. The normally calming routine didn't seem to be calming Techno. Wilbur could feel how stiff he was next to him. Wilbur placed down the guitar, turning to join Techno under the covers. Resting his head on his younger (by 2 minutes) brothers' shoulder. He felt Techno relax against the touch, their hands linking as they laid together.

Still it felt like Techno was holding something back. His face seemed almost pained in how tight it was. But Wilbur didn't want to push for answers. Techno would talk if he needed to.

"Wilbur?" His voice sounded so hesitant. Wilbur gave a small hum from beside him to let him know he was listening.

“Wil, I, *uh*. Wil I think I’m *broken*.”

Wilbur perked up at this. Techno’s voice hadn’t broken as he said the last word made it clear to Wilbur that this was a big deal to the pink haired boy. “Why would you think that?” Wilbur asked.

“So I, uh. A few months ago I heard these guys at school talking about some things. I, um. They were kind of sexual things.” Wilbur nodded, urging Techno to continue. “So I, was listening. And um, they were talking about. Well, you know-” Wilbur did know. “and, I, I realised I’d never felt that. Listening to it made me feel gross.”

Wilbur moved his head to the side in confusion. “Gross?”

Techno looked very uncomfortable. “Like, I felt like I was going to throw up.”

“Oh,” Wilbur thought he’d understood what Techno was talking about now. “that’s horrible Tech. But some guys are just like that. I know it’s horrible to hear them talk about women in that way-“

“No, No, Wilbur they weren’t being sexist. I was just grossed out by the thought of having sex.”

Then it clicked for Wilbur, what Techno was talking about.

“Wilbur, I just can’t understand it. After that I went home and tried so hard, I tried so hard to be interested in anything related to that. But I just, I just can’t. I don’t know what’s wrong with me. Wil, I don’t know what to do.”

Techno was having a sexuality crisis. That was pretty clear from Wilbur’s point of view. But it didn’t seem like Techno had realised that yet. Wilbur understood the panic Techno felt

currently, feeling wrong and broken. (Although Wilbur's was for a very different reason. Maybe an overactive sexual attraction if anything) And he knew how to calm the boy.

"Hey hey, it's ok. I think I know what happening."

Techno's face lit up a little, "you do?"

"Yeah, I have 2 thing it might be. For one, maybe your too young?"

Techno looked at Wilbur with a very blank stare. "Wil, I'm 16."

"Yeah right, which leads to my other option. Maybe your asexual, or at least on the ace spectrum."

Techno seemed confused. "What's that mean?"

"It's where you have no sexual attraction to anyone. Like none at all. There are also other things on the spectrum, but ace is the main one if you feel nothing." Another day Wilbur might tell Techno why he knows so much about these labels. But not now.

Techno went quite at that. Nodding a little. He seemed conflicted. Wilbur understood, it was weird to be told you weren't broken. It was weird to just have someone else tell you the word for what you are. Techno probably needed time to do his own research, to come to terms with who he was. Or maybe Wilbur was wrong. It didn't really matter. What mattered right now was being there for his brother. Wilbur wrapped a hand around his brother. Pulling him in for a hug. Breaking Techno's internal spiral at the new options he had.

Year's later the two would still have these nights. When they weren't both committing acts of Terrorism that is. Nights where they'd just talk about nothing, or maybe they'd talk about something really important. There wasn't really an in-between at that time of night. But the number one thing would always be that Wilbur would always be there for Techno. No matter what he needed.

End Notes

Give me thoughts, all of them. Talk to me about any connections with my other story. Just talk at me. Whatever it's 2 AM and I'm tired.

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